WY LADY'S MONEY

B WILKIE COLLINS.

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HAPTER X be office Mr. Troy atethe correspondence that was a seller from the very perand a still the uppermost isabel Miller wrote in

THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GIRL

NA SHI TH MORDEN, THURSDAY My numb. Miss Pink, is very setting you professionally at Although South the little more than half an 1 I from London, Miss Pink to ask you to visit her. of the value of your time he be so kin I as to let me - will be convenient to you to port office in London!

to-pectfully yours, ISABEL MILLER s - | am further instructed to say that the reported event at Lady Lydiard's house a the standard subject of the consultation. nard as he read the letter to a young girl," he said to were word of it has been dicmod for M - Pink." He was not long in purse he should lake. There was a free necessity for cautioning balch and here was his opportunity. He of cork, and looked at als ife. for the day, There was n in the book which the clerk well able to manage as the troy consulted his railway his cab and caught the next

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of those primitive a right urall wer by the march of modern there will to be found in the transl of London, Only the down in a stope I a the state or; and there in the that the station master grew flowers on the embankan el enemers over the waiting Burning your bick on the many and will and along the one street of south A ol is you found yourself in the old From the two conturies since. Gabled at a wall has sclosed windows; pigs and poults in muct to session of the road; the the grocer's shop which sold was I a ch who were lictures of dirty. health the old-hot the iron-chained bucket make process of and the thamp of the fallment in the stattle groun I behind the milde h per the horse pond on one bit of pen ground and the old elm tree with the mostly sent round if on the oth r-these mer men the objects that you saw and som of the hoises that you heard in South Merden, synt passed from one end of the

About hell a mile beyond the last of the all cortage and been England met you again under a form of a row of little villas, set mile an advanturous London builder who had begint the land at a bargain. Each villa should it is own little garden, and looked acros y a stony road at the meadow lands and softly rising woo led hills beyond. Each ville facial you in the sunshing with the hornd care of new red brick, and forced its nonsensial name on your attention, traced miral paint on the posts of its eftrance gate Consulting the posts as he advanced, Mr. Troe arms of in due course of time at the attended from a circular patch of gra- a front of the house. The g to resistmg he offers to open it, he rang the bell Adms to lity a trun, clean, shy little maid servant Mr. Broy looked about him in silent amazement. Turn which way he might, he found house f silently confronted by posted and puted instructions to visitors, which furlant lang to do this, and commanded him to do that at every step of his progress from the gree withe house. On one side of the averable informed him that he was not towall on the grass. On the other side a

faint-leant pointed along a boundary wall our memption which warned him to go that was I be had business in the kitchen. walk at the foot of the house le neatly traced in little white -named him not to forget the Ta in the door step he was informed, in hetro o lead, that he was "Welcome!" On the not in the passage bristly black wants burst on his attention, comman ling him to "a ; - his shoes." Even the hat stand in the last was not allowed to speak for Helf at had "Hats and Cloaks" inscribed on It, and soul its directions imperatively in the man in of your wet umbrella-"Put it

the trim little servant his card, Mr. Toly an involved to a reception room on the Before he had time to look the door was opened a galu from Will at and Isabel stole into the room on tund the looked worn and anxious. When with the old lawyer mile that he remembered so

t von have seen me " she whis-I am not to come into the room till before bron away again. How is Lady Lyder! And have you discovered the

ladiard was well when I last saw her as a have not yet succeeded in dis-traction in these terms, Mr. Troy decided the subject of the stor of state he had the chance "One question on my side," he said holling her had in a the door by the arm. "Do you exp | well to visit you here!"

ture by will visit me. I abel anrequest I never knew what a art Robert Moody, had till this mison me. My aunt, who is not as hatth s rangers, respects and ad I ant tell you how good he was the journey here, and how kindly, y ho spoke to me when we parted." and turned her head away. The fear come rising in her eyes "In my situ-- and, frintly, "kindness is very bon notice me, Mr. Troy." The man ver waited a moment to let her re-

entirely my dear, in your opinion of Moon bround "At the same time, I the board to warn you that his zeal in may possibly outron his dishe may feel too confidently about pendicat her the mystery of the missing more and unless you are on your guard, he live rates false hopes in you when you hasten to any advice that he von by all means; but before you a being guide f by his opinion, consult " " terrence and hear what I have be dibject. Don't suppose that I to make you distrust this grant be led he added, noticing the look of which Isabel fixed on him. "Methoder form my mind. I only warn you the Westly's eagerness to be of service to to the mislead him. You understand

it, replied Isabel coldly; "I understar I yes. Please let me go now. My aunt have threatly, and she must not find She courtesied with distant

that left the room. which for trying to put two ideas touto a girl's mind," thought Mr. The little thinks I am jealous of Moody's pla a her estimation. Well, I have done

my the and I can do no more." He laked round the room. Not a chair was out of its place, not a speck of dust was to be seen. The brightly perfect polish of the table made your eves sche; the ornaments

on it looked as if they had never been touched by mortal hand; the piano was an object for distant admiration, not an instrument to be played on; the carpet made Mr. Troy look nervously at the soles of his shoes; and the sofa (protected by layers of white crochetwork) said as plainly as if in words, "Sit on me if you dare!" Mr. Troy retreated to a bookcase at the farther end of the room. The books fitted the shelves to such absolute perfection that he had some difficulty in taking one of them out. When he had succeeded, be found himself in possession of a volume of

the "History of England." On the fly-leaf he encountered another written warning: "This book belongs to Miss Pink's Academy for Young Ladies, and is not to be removed from the library." The date, which was added, referred to a period of ten years since. Miss Pink now stood revealed as a retired schoolmistress; and Mr. Troy began to understand some of the characteristic peculiarities of that lady's establishment which had pusaled him up to the present time. He had just succeeded in puti 'ng the book

back again when the door opened once more. and Isa el's aunt entered the room If Miss Pink could, by any possible conjuncture of circumstances, have disappeared mysteriously from her house and her friends, the police would have found the greatest difficulty in composing the neces sary description of the missing lady. The acutest observer could have discovered nothing that was noticeable or characteristic in her personal appearance. The pen of the present writer portrays her in despair by a series of negatives. She was not young, she was not old; she was neither tall nor short, nor stout nor thin; nobody could call her features attractive, and nobody could call them ugly; there was nothing in her voice, her expression, her manner or her ress that differed in any appreciable degree from the voice expression, manner and dress of five hundred thousand other single ladies of her are and position in the world. If you had asked her to describe herself, she would have answered, "I am a gentlewoman:" and if you had inquired which of her numerous accomplishments took highest rank in her

was Miss Pink, of South Morden; and when that has been said, all has been said. "Pray be seated, sir. We have had a beautiful day after the late long-continued wet weather.' I am told that the season is very unfavorable for wall fruit. May I offer von some refreshment after your journey?" In these terms, and in the smoothest of voices, Miss Pink opened the interview.

own esteem, she would have replied, "My

powers of conversation." For the rest, she

Mr. Troy made a polite reply, and added a few strictly conventional remarks on the beauty of the neighborhood. Not even a lawyer could sit in Miss Pink's presence and hear Miss Pink's conversation without feeland the larger surrounded by its shady ing himself called upon (in the nursery phrase) to "be on his best behavior."

favor me with this visit," Miss Pink resumed. "I am well aware that the time of professional gentlemen is of especial value to them, and I will therefore ask you to excuse me if I proceed abruptly to the subject on which I desire to consult your experience." Here the lady modestly smoothed out her dress over her knees, and the lawyer made a bow. Miss Pink's highly trained conversation had perhaps one fault-it was not, strictly speaking, conversation at all. In its effect on her hearers it rather resembled the contents of a fluently conventional letter,

"The circumstances under which my niece Isabel has left Lady Lydiard's house," Miss Pink proceeded, "are so indescribably painful-I will go turther, I will say so deeply bumiliating-that I have forbidden her to refer to them again in my presence, or to mention them in the future to any living creature besides myself. You are acquainted with those circumstances, Mr. Troy, and you will understand my indignation when I first learned that my sister's child had been suspected of theft. I have not the honor of being acquainted with Lady Lydiard. She is not a countess, I believe? Just so! ber husband was only a baron. I am not acquainted with Lady Lydiard, and I will not trust myself to say what I think of her con-



of her conduct.

"Pardon me, madam," Mr. Troy interposed Lettere you say any more about Lady Lydiard, I must really beg leave to ob-

Pardon me." Miss Pink rejoined, "I never form a hasty judgment. Lady Lydiard's conduct is beyond the reach of any defense, no matter how ingenious it my walls for me Tell me two things | may be. You may not be aware, sir, that in receiving my niece under her roof her ladyship was receiving a gentlewoman by birth as well as by education. My late lamented sister was the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England. I need hardly remind you that, as such she was a born lady. Under favoring circumstances, Isabel's maternal gran lfather might have been archbishop of Canterbury, and have taken precedence of the whole house of peers, the princes of the blood royal alone excepted. I am not prepared to say that my niece is

equally well connected on her father's side. My sis er urprised-I will not add shocked -us when she married a chemist. At the same time, a chemist is not a tradesman. He is a gentleman at one end of the profession of medicine, and a titled physician is a gentleman at the other end. That is all. In inviting Isabel to reside with her. Lady Lydiard, I repeat, was bound to remember that she was as ociating herself with a young gentlewoman. She has not remembered this, which is one insult; and she has suspected my niece of theft, which is another." Miss Pink paused to take breath. Mr. Troy made a second attempt to get a hearing.

"Will you kindly permit me, madam, to say two words? "No!" said Miss Pink, a serting the most immovable obstinacy under the blandest poll eness of manner. "Your time, Mr. Troy, is really too valuable. Not even your trained intellect can excuse conduct which is manifestly mexcusable on the face of it. Now you know my opinion of Lady Lydiard, you will not be surprised to hear that I decline to trust her ladyship. She may, or she may not, cause the necessary inquiries to be made for the vindication of my niece's character. In a matter so serious as this-I may say, in a duty which I owe to the memories of my sister and my parents-I will not leave the responsibility to Lady Lydiard. I will take it on myself. Let me add that I am able to pay the necessary expenses. The earlier years of my life, Mr. Troy have been passed in the tuition of young ladies I have been happy in meriting the confidence of parents, and I have been strict in observing the golden rules of economy. On my retirement, I have been able to invest a modest, a very modest, httle fortune in the funds. A portion of it is at the service of my niece for the recovery of her good name; and I desire to place the necessary investigation, confidentially, in your hands. You are acquainted with the case, and the case naturally goes to you. . e uld not prevail on my-

self-I really could not prevail on myself-

to mention it to a stranger. That is the busi-

new on which I wished to consult you. Please

say nothing more about Lady Lydiard; the subject is mexpressibly disagreeable to me I will only trespass on your kindness to tell me if I have succeeded in making myself understood."

Miss Pink leaned back in her chair at the exact angle permitted by the laws of propriety, rested her left elbow on the palm of ber right hand, and lightly supported her cheek with her forefinger and thumb. In this position she waited Mr. Troy's answer-the living picture of human obstinacy in its most respectable form. If Mr. Troy had not been a lawyer-in

other words, if he had not been professionally capable of persisting in his own course in the face of every conceivable difficulty and discouragement - Miss Pink might have remained in undisturbed possession of her own opinions. As it was Mr. Troy had got his hearing at last; and no matter how obstinately she might close her eves to it. Miss Pink was now destined to have the other side of the case presented to her view.

"I am sincerely obliged to you, madam, for the expression of your confidence in me." Mr. Troy began: "at the same time, I must beg you to excuse me if I decline to accept your proposal."

Miss Pink had not expected to receive such an answer as this. The lawver's brief refusal surprised and annove h f. "Why do you decline to assist me?" she

"Because," waswere ! Mr. Trov. "my services are already engaged in Miss Isabel's interest by a client whom I ha e served for more than twenty years. My client is-" Miss Pink anticipated the coming disclos-

ure. "You is ed not trouble yourself, sir, to mention your client's name," she said. "My client," persisted Mr. Troy, "loves Miss Isabel dearly-" "That is a matter of opinion." Miss Pink

interposed. "And believes in Miss Isabel's innocence, proceeded the irrepressible lawyer, "as firmly as you believe in it vourself. Miss Pink (being human) had a temper, and Mr. Troy had found his way to it.

"If Lady Lydiard believes in my niece's innocence," said Miss Pink, suddenly sitting bolt upright in her chair, "why has my niece teen compelled, in justice to herself, to leave Lady Lydiard's house?" "You will admit, madam," Mr. Troy an-

swered, cautiously, "that we are all of us liable, in this wicked world, to be the victim of appearances. Your niece is a victim-an innocent victim. She wisely withdraws from Lady Lydiard's house until appearances are proved to be false, and her position is cleared Miss Pink had her reply ready. "This is

my niece is suspected. I am only a woman, Mr. Troy, but it is not quite so easy to mislead me as you seem to suppose." Mr. Troy's temper was admirably trained, but it began to acknowledge that Miss Pink's

simply acknowledging in other words, that

"No intention of misleading you, madam, has ever crossed my mind," he rejoined warmly. "As for your niece, I can tell you this: In all my experience of Lady Lydiard. I never saw her so distressed as she was when Miss Isabel left the house."

"Indeed?" said Miss Pink, with an incredulous smile. "In my rank of life, when we feel distressed about a person, we do our best to comfort that person by a kind letter or an early visit. But then I am not a lady

"Lady Lydiard engaged herself to call on Miss Isabel in my hearing," said Mr. Troy. "Lady Lydiard is the most generous woman

"Lady Lydiard is here!" cried a joyful voice on the other side of the door. At the same moment Isabel burst into the room in a state of excitement which actually ignored the formidable presence of Miss Pink. "I beg your pardon, aunt. I was up stairs at the window, and I saw the carriage. stop at the gata. And Tommie has come, too! The darling saw me at the window!" cried the poor girl, her eyes sparkling with delight, as a perfect explosion of barking made itself heard over the tramp of horses' feet and the crash of carriage wheels out-

Miss Pink rose slowly, with a dignity that looked capable of adequately receiving, not one noble lady only, but the whole peerage of England.

"Control vourself, dear Isabel," she said. "No well-bred young lady permits herself to become unduly excited. Stand by my side a little behind me."

Isabel obeyed. Mr. Troy kept his place, and privately enjoyed his triumph over Miss Pink. If Lady Lydiard had been actually in league with him, she could not have chosen a more opportune time for her visit. A momentary interval passed; the carriage drew up at the door; the horses trampled on the gravel; the bell rang madly; the uproar of Tommie, released from the carriage and clamoring to be let in, redoubled its fury. Never before had such an unruly burst of noises invaded the tranquility of Miss Pink's

CHAPTER XI.

The trim little maid servant ran up stairs from her modest little kitchen, trembling at the terrible prospect of having to open the door. Miss Pink, deafened by the barking, had just time to say, "What a very ill-behaved dog!" when a sound of small objects overthrown in the hall, and a scurrying of furious claws across the oil cloth, announced that Tommie had invaded the house. As the servant appeared, introducing Lady Lydiard, the dog ran in. He made one frantic leap at Isabel, which would certainly have knocked her down but for the chair that happened to be standing behind her. Received on her lap, the faithful creature half smothered her with his caresses. He barked, he shricked, in his joy at seeing her again. He jumped off her lap and tore round and round the room at the top of his speed, and every time he passed Miss Pink he showed the whole range of his teeth, and snarled ferociously at her ankles. Having at last exhausted his superfluous energy, he leaped back again on Isabel's lap, with his tongue quivering in his open mouth, his tail wagging softly, and his eye on Miss Pink, inquiring how she liked a dog in her drawing room. "I hope my dor has not disturbed

ma'am?" said Lady Lydiard, advancing from the mat at the doorway, on which she had patiently waited until the raptures of Tommie sub-ided into repose

Miss Pink, trembling with terror and inindignation, acknowledged Lady Lydiard's polite inquiry by a ceremonious bow, and an answer which administered by implication a dignified reproof. "Your ladyship's dog does not appear to be a very well trained animal," the ex-schoolmistress remarked.

'Well trained?' Lady Lydiard repeated. as if the expression were perfectly unintelligible to her; "I don't think you have had much experience of dogs, ma'am." She turned to Isabel, and embraced her tenderly. "Give me a kiss, my dear. You don't know how wretched I have been since you left me." She looked back again at Miss Pink. "You are not, perhaps, aware, ma'am, that my dog is devotedly attached to your niece. A dog's love has been considered by many great men (whose names at the moment escape me) as the most touching and disinterested of all earthly affections." She looked the other way, and discovered the lawyer. "How do you do, Mr. Troy? It's a pleasant surprise to find you here. The house was so dull without Isabel that I really couldn't put off seeing her any longer. When you are more used to Tommie, Miss Pink, you will understand and admire him.

You understand and admire him, Isabei, don't you! My child, you are not looking well. I shall take you back with me when the horses have had their rest. We shall never be happy away from each other." Having expressed her sentiments, distrib-

uted her greetings, and defended her dogall, as it were, in one breath-Lady Lydiard sat down by Isabel's side, and opened a large green fan that hung at her girdle. "You have no idea, Miss Pink, how fat people suffer in hot weather," said the old lady, using her fan vigorously. Miss Pink's eves dropped modestly to the

ground-"fat" was such a ccarse word to use,

if a lady must speak of her superfluous flesh! "May I offer some refreshment?" Miss Pink asked, mincingly. "A cup of tea!" Lady Lydiard shook her head.

"A glass of water?" Lady Lydiard declined this last hospitable proposal with an exclamation of disgust Have you got any beer? she inquired. "I beg your ladyship's pardon," said Min Pink, doubting the evidence of her own cars. "Did you say-beer!"

Lady Lydiard gesticulated vehmently with her fan. "Yes, to be sure! Beer! beer!" Miss Pink rose, with a countenance expresgive of genteel disgust, and rang the bell. "I think you have beer downstairs, Summ?" she said, when the maid appeared at the door. "Yes, miss."

"A glass of beer for Lady Lydiard," said Miss Pink, under protest. "Bring it in a jug," shouted her ladyship, as the maid left the room. "I like to froth it up for myself." she continued, addressing Miss Pink. "Isabel sometimes does it for me,

when she is at home: don't you, my dear?" Miss Pink had been waiting her opportunity to assert her own claim to the possession of her own niece from the time when Lady Lydiard had coolly declared her intention of taking Isabel back with her. The opportunity now presented itself. "Your ladyship will pardon me," she said,

"if I remark that my niece's home is under my humble roof. I am properly sensible, I hope, of your kindness to Isabel; but while she remains the object of a disgraceful suspicion, she remains with me." Lady Lydiard closed her fan with an angry

"You are completely mistaken, Miss Pink You may not mean it but you speak most unjustly if you say that your niece is an object of suspicion to me or to anybody in my

Mr. Trov. quietly listening up to this point, now interposed to stop the discussion before it could degenerate into a quarrel. His keen observation, aided by his accurate knowledge of his client's character, had plainly revealed to him what was passing in Lady Lydiard's mind. She had entered the house, feeling (perhaps unconsciously) a jealousy of Miss Pink as her predecessor in Isabel's affections, and as the natural protectress of the girl under existing circumstances. Miss Pink's reception of her dog had additionally irritated the old lady. She had taken a malicious pleasure in shocking the school mistress' ense of propriety, and she was now only too ready to proceed to further extremities on the delicate question of Isabel's justification for leaving her house. For Isabel's own sake, therefore-to say nothing of other reasons-it was urgently desirable to keep the peace between the two ladies. With this excellent object in view, Mr. Trov seized his opportunity of striking into the conversation for the first time.

"Pardon 'me, Lady Lydiard," he said, 'you are speaking of a subject which has been already sufficiently discussed between Miss Pink and myself. I think we shall do better not to dwell uselessly on past events, but to direct our attention to the future. We are all equally satisfied of the complete rectitude of Miss Isabel's conduct, and we are all equally interested in the vindication of her good name."

Whether these temperate words would of themselves have exercised the pacifying influence at which Mr. Troy aimed may be doubtful But, as he ceased speaking, a powerful auxiliary appeared in the shape of the beer. Lady Lydiard seized on the jug, and filled the tumbler for herself with an unsteady hand. Miss Pink, trembling for the integrity of her carpet, and scandalized at seeing a peeress drinking beer like a washerwoman, forgot the sharp answer that was just rising to her lips when the lawyer interfered. "Small!" said Lady Lydiard, setting down the empty tumbler, and referring to the quality of the beer. "But very pleasant and refreshing. What's the servant's name? Susan? Well, Susan, I was dying of thirst, and you have saved my life. You can leave the jug; I dare say I shall empty it before

Mr. Troy, watching Miss Pink's face, saw that it was time to change the subject again. "Did you notice the old village, Lady Lyd-lard, on your way here?" he asked. "The artists consider it one of the most picturesque places in England."

"I noticed that it was a very dirty village," Lady Lydiard answered, still bent on making herself disagreeable to Miss Pink. "The artists may say what they please; I see nothing to admire in rotten cottages and bad drainage and ignorant people. I suppose the neighborhood has its advantages. It looks dull enough, to my mind." Isabel had hitherto modestly restricted her

exertions to keeping Tommie quiet on her lap. Like Mr. Troy, she occasionally looked at her aunt, and she now made a timid attempt to defend the neighborhood, as a duty she owed to Miss Pink. "Oh, my lady! don't say it's a dull neigh-borhood.' she pleaded. "There are such pret-

ty walks all round us. And when you get to the hills the view is beautiful." Lady Lydiard's answer to this was a little masterpiece of good-humored contempt. She patted Isabel's cheek, and said, "Pooh!

"Your ladyship does not admire the beauties of nature," Miss Pink remarked, with a compassionate smile, "As we get older, no doubt our sight begins to fail-"And we leave off canting about the beauties of nature," added Lady Lydiard. "I hate the country. Give me London, and the

pleasures of society." "Come! come! Do the country justice, Lady Lydiard!" put in peace-making Mr. Troy, "There's plenty of society to be found out of London-as good society as the world

"The sort of society," added Miss Pink, which is to be found, for example, in this neighborhood. Her ladyship is evidently not aware that persons of distinction surround us whichever way we turn. I may instance. among others, the Hon. Mr. Hardyman_" Lady Lydiard, in the act of pouring out a second glassful of beer, suddenly set down

"Who is that you're talking of, Miss Pink!" "I am talking of our neighbor, Lady Lydiand, the Hon. Mr. Hardyman." "Do you mean Alfred Hardyman, the man who breeds the horses?" "The distinguished gentleman who owns

the famous stud farm," said Miss Pink, correcting the bluntly direct form in which Lady Lydiard had put her question. "Is he in the habit of visiting here?" the old lady inquired, with a sudden appearance

of anxiety. "Do you know him?" "I had the honor of being introduced to Mr. Hardyman at our last flower show," Miss Pink replied. "He has not yet favored me Ludy Lydiard's anxiety appeared to be te some extent relieved.

"I knew that Hardyman's farm was in this county," she said. "but I had no notion. that it was in the neighborhood of South

Morden. How far away is he-ten or a dozen miles eh?" "Not more than three miles," answered Miss Pink. "We consider him quite a near neighbor of ours " Renewed anxiety showed itself in Lady

Lydiard. She looked round sharply at Isabel. The girl's head was bent so low over the rough head of the dog that her face was almost entirely concealed from view. So far as appearance, went, she seemed to be entirely ab orbed in fondling Tommie. Lady Lydiard roused her with a tap of the green

"Take Tomnfie out, Isabel, for a run in the garden." she said. "He won't sit still much longer, and he may annoy Miss Pink. Mr. Trov. will you kin lly help Isabel to keep my ill-trained dog in order?" Mr. Tro go on his feet, and, not very

willingly, followed Isabel out of the room. They will quarrel now, to a dead certainty, he thought to himself, as he closed the door. "Have you any idea of what this means?" he said to his companion, as he joined her in the hall "What has Mr. Hardyman done to excite all this interest in him?"

Isabei's guilty color rose. She knew perfectly well that Hardyman's unconcealed admiration of her was the guiding motive of Lady Lydiard's inquiries. If she had told the truth, Mr. Troy would have unquestionably returned to the drawing room, with or without an acceptable excuse for intruding himself. But Isabel was a woman; and her answer, it is needless to say, was, "I don't

know, I'm sure." In the meantime the interview between the two ladies began in a manner which would have astonished Mr Troy-they were both silent. For once in h r life, Lady Lydiard was considering what she should say, before she mid it. Miss Pink, on her side, naturally waited to hear what object her ladyship had in view-waited until her small reserves of patience gave way. Urged by irresistible curiosity, she spoke first

"Have you anything to say to me vater she aske i Lady Lydiard had not got to the end of her reflections. She said "Yes," and she said no more. "Is it anything relating to my niece?" per sisted Miss Pink.

Still immersed in her reflections, Lady Lydiard suddenly ro e to the surface, and spoke her mind, as usual "About your niece, ma'am. The other day Mr. Hardyman called at my house and "Yes," said Miss Pink, politely attentive,

but not in the least interested so far. "That's not all ma'am Mr. Hardyman admires Isabel; he owned it to me himself in no many words." Miss Pink listened, with a courteous in clination of her head. She looked mildly

gratified, nothing more. Lady Lydiard pro

"You and I think differently on many natters," she said, "but we are both agreed, l am sure, in feeling the sincerest interest in Isabel's welfare. I beg to suggest to you, Mis Pink, that Mr. Hardyman, as a near neighbor of yours, is a very undesirable abor while Isabel remains in your

Saying those words, under a strong convic-tion of the serious importance of the subject, Lady Lydiard insensibly recovered the manper and assumed the language which befitted a lady of her rank. Miss Pink, noticing the change, set it down to an expression of pride on the part of her visitor, which, in referring to Isabel, assailed indirectly the social position of Isabel's aunt. "I fail entirely to understand what your

ladyship means," she said, coldly. Lady Lydiard, on her side, looked in ur disguised astonishment at Miss Pink "Haven't I told you already that Mr. Hardyman admires your niece!" she asked. "Naturally," said Miss Pink. "Isabel inherits her lamented mother's personal advantage. If Mr. Hardyman admires her. Mr.

Hardyman shows his good taste." Lady Lydiard's eyes opened wider and wider in wonder. "My good lady," she exclaimed, "is it possible you don't know that when a man admires a woman he doesn't stop there? He talls in love with her (as the So I have heard," said Miss Pink

"So you have heard?" repeated Lady Lydiard. "If Mr. Hardyman finis his way to Isabel, I can tell you what you will see. Catch the two together, ma'am, and you will see Mr. Hardyman making love to your "Under due restrictions, Lady Lydiard.

and with my permission first obtained, of course, I see no objection to Mr. Hardyman paying his addresses to Isabel." "The woman is mad!" cried Lady Lydiard.
"Do you actually suppose, Miss Pink, that Alfred Hardyman could by any earthly possibility marry your niece?"

Not even Miss Pink's politeness could submit to such a question as this. She rose indignantly from her chair. "Are you aware, Lady Lydiard, that the doubt you have just express d is an in-ult to my niece and an in-



BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday, January 20. The queen opened parliament in person for the first time since the death of Prince Albert, twenty years ago. In her speech she said she was pained to see the efforts that were being made to disrupt the Irish union.

and she declared that she was resolutely opposed to any disturbance of the present laws on the subject. Thursday, January 21. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone have taken strong y opposite views on the Irish question, and upon this issue will depend the

question of supremacy in the present par-Several members of the house of comnons were injured in the crush at the entrance of the house of lords. There was a great lack of seats in the house commons. Members addressed the speaker from unrecognized places. Mr. Mitchell Henry moved that the house was too small. and that the new rules include one for the adjournment of the house in July and the resumption of the session for a month or two in the autumn.

Striking Carpet Weavers. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 23. - The ingrain carpet weavers, in accordance with the decision various carpet mills in the Kensington district, this city, held last night, went out on strike this afternoon. The strikers demand an advance of 1 cent and 11/4 cents per yard for carpet woven. The strikers number nearly 1,000 workmen, and represent nearly fifty of the principal carpet factories in Kensington. A meeting of the strikers will be held in Spiritualists' hall to take measures to maintain the strike. It is stated that they are ill prepared for the movement

Senators From Mississippi. JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 20.-E. C. Walthell has been elected to fill the unexpired term T. Q C. Lamar and T. J. George for the term commencing March 4, 1887.

Patti Has Bronchitis. VIENNA, Jan. 20.-Mme. Patti is uffering from a serious attack of bronchitis, and the series of concer's arranged for her in this aty has been deferred. John Kelly's Health.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16 -The Sun says that

John Kelly is gradually sinking, and that

his death may occur at any tim . N.W.AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS

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